

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

materially from the two previous days. The ferry boat

**EUROPE**

The bonded warehouse No. 163 Washington street, was broken into yesterday morning and \$11,000 worth of goods were abstracted. The thieves only got away with about \$3,500 worth of the plunder, however, the rest of it being found in the vicinity by a policeman.

It does not follow, then, that the charges of impeachment raised against John Tyler, in being rejected, establish a precedent for the

The order for the discontinuance of the legis-

The *Tribune* exhibits an elaborate and extraordinary tabular statement of its receipts and expenditures during the year 1866. In commenting upon this it would fain make a virtue of necessity. Shifting the burdensome charge of mismanagement which its surprisingly small excess of receipts over expenditures imposes on the proprietors, it transforms the deficit itself into a pretext for self-glorification on the score of extravagant liberality to its readers and advertisers. The profits on such a business as it boasts of should be at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But, if its calculations are correct, the profits on a business of more than nine hundred thousand dollars have amounted to only a trifle over twenty-four thousand; and the annual profits of the *Tribune* have been reduced by \$146,170—say (as round numbers always sound well) nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—from the handsome figure claimed for 1865. While concurring with our neighbors on this sad falling off we cannot help remembering that such a disappointment is the usual result whenever ideological, ethical, socialistic, vegetarian visionaries try to cipher on the arithmetic of practical life. Perhaps such impracticable "poor creatures," to use Mr. Witherforce's phrase, may not be accountable; their financing is surely unaccountable. To be a successful financial journalist requires much more than unbusinesslike idealism.

The necessities and inconveniences of travel in New York render the adoption of any new plan of locomotion desirable. While underground or air-line railroads might obviate some of the difficulties, the speed of railroad travel may probably be best improved upon by adopting the mode now in use in London for Post Office purposes—the pneumatic railway—which runs through a tube under the Thames. Packages are sent with incredible speed and perfect safety in this way by exhaustion of air at one end and pressure of air from the other, without the use of steam or any other motive power. This system has been long in practice for the transmission of letters and packages, and it has been found to work so successfully that a passenger line on the same plan is now actually in progress in London. We have heard that a similar line is talked of to be laid under the East river, connecting this city with Brooklyn, and we publish in another column some interesting facts concerning the project. We do not see why the pneumatic railroad should not in course of time be substituted for the mode of locomotion by steam now in use all through the country. If we could travel at the rate of a hundred miles an hour with perfect safety, as claimed by those who have investigated this process, railroad property would experience a rapid decline. It would certainly be a cheaper as well as a safer way to get over long distances than the present costly and dangerous railroads afford. Let us try the experiment and see if we cannot make air subserve our purposes for carrying ourselves, as well as we have put lightning under contribution in transmitting our thoughts by the telegraph wire. Nothing is impossible in these days of progressive civilization, and if this thing can be done in England, surely it can be accomplished in this go-ahead country.

The opening of the new organ at St. Peter's church, in Jersey City, took place last evening, when a grand sacred concert was given. The organ, which was built by Engelfried, is a powerful instrument, and the organists, Messrs. W. Morgan, organist of Grace church, and Gustavus Schmitz, organist of St. Patrick's cathedral, New York. *Te Deum Laudamus* was given by a full chorus, in which Madame Chome was soprano, Miss Kriebel contralto, W. Hartmann baritone. Madame Chome's rendering of "Quam dilecta" was very fine, and was the happiest effort in the programme. Mercante's "Pavane *etc.*" received full justice in W. Hartmann, while the fantasia on the French horn, by H. Schmitz, was one of those treats which the good folk of Jersey rarely enjoy. In short, the execution of the programme was confined to artists who produced a combination superior to anything that has as yet appeared in this city, and whose performance will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of hearing it.

Madame Gearing, the justly renowned prima donna, who sang at Peter's concert at Stuyvesant Hall, on Saturday night, will, we understand, appear again during the present season. Her voice has lost none of its pristine richness and power, and her appearance in the concert hall is always hailed with pleasure by all true lovers of music.